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TORONTO

*UNPUBLISHED EARLY POEMS*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

EDITED BY CHARLES TENNYSON

HIS GRANDSON

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## *PREFACE*

THE poems contained in this volume were never published by Tennyson, or, with one exception to which I will refer later, by his son, Hallam Lord Tennyson, in whose possession the MS. of them remained until his death in 1928. He left them, with other MSS., to me with liberty to publish at my discretion.

The great majority of the poems date from the poet's boyhood and his residence at Cambridge, and I have divided the material into three sections, headed respectively "Boyhood," "Cambridge Period," and "1830-1842."

The first two sections are very much the most important, and in these I have included one poem ("The Coach of Death") which was published by Hallam Tennyson in his *Memoir of the poet*, in order to gather into one volume all the very remarkable Juvenilia which are not to be found in the authorised editions of Tennyson's works.

"The Devil and the Lady," which was issued by Messrs. Macmillan in February 1930, gave the world convincing evidence of Tennyson's

precocity. This play, written when the poet was only fourteen years old, is a brilliant experiment in the vein of the Elizabethan comedy, showing a command of versification, a richness of language and imagery, a vivacity of humour and a range of knowledge which are positively astounding. The translation from Claudian's "Proserpine" in rhyming heroic verse, which is the first poem in this volume, is an equally brilliant experiment, imitative, of course, but with a spirit and vivacity which are all its own.

Imitative, too, is "Armageddon," probably written in the poet's fifteenth or sixteenth year. This fragment, which was the foundation of Tennyson's Prize Poem "Timbuctoo," is strictly Miltonic, both in subject and technique, but, like the other early poems, has a vigour and imaginative power (and sometimes an unconscious humour) of its own. These experiments show that Tennyson, like most if not all fine artists, founded his greatness on an intensive study and imitation of the work of his great predecessors. There is little originality of form, though all give evidence of highly individual powers of observation, emotion and fancy. As the boy passes through adolescence, the note becomes more personal. "The Coach of Death"

is an experiment in the *macabre*, which gives a foretaste of the "Vision of Sin," published nearly twenty years later. The ode "O Bosky Brook," though over-elaborate and involved in form and expression, foreshadows the nature poetry which was so strong a feature of Tennyson's mature work. In "Perdidi Diem" sound the notes of doubt and gloom which animate the "Supposed Confessions" and "The Two Voices." These boyish poems have an ingenuous vigour and charm which are very attractive. The work of the Cambridge Period shows a much greater freedom of handling and control of form, and the variety and freshness of subject and technique make it easy to understand the tremendous impression which Tennyson's verse made upon his contemporaries at the University. It is interesting to note that several of the poems of this time exist not only in Tennyson's handwriting but in copies made by others, no doubt for circulation amongst his friends.

Of special interest is the fragment "Ilion, Ilion." This poem, with the "Hesperides" (printed in the notes to the Eversley Edition, Vol. 1, p. 326), shows a classicism which has no doubt grown out of the "Rape of Proserpine," but has been transmuted into something new and golden. It was to be still further sublimated in

the "Lotos-Eaters," "Oenone," "Ulysses," and "Tithonus."

So, too, with the Blank Verse. This has passed from the Shakespearean exercise of "The Devil and the Lady," through the Miltonics of "Armageddon" to a freer and richer style (which, however, still shows traces of, Milton and Shakespeare) in the lines "Working High Treason." These lead up to the "Lover's Tale," which was written in 1831-32, and represent a further stage in the evolution of a verse flexible and rich enough to achieve "Oenone," "The Gardener's Daughter," and the "Morte D'Arthur." A similar development, though along a line which Tennyson never carried further, is that from the rhymed couplets of the Proserpine fragment to those which begin and end the "Vision of Sin," published twenty years later. In these twenty years the couplet has passed from the mechanical brilliance and regularity characteristic of the eighteenth century to a freedom and trochaic lightness which make it almost unrecognisable. These are the only two examples of rhymed heroic verse in Tennyson's published work, though there exists in MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, a poem in this metre, on the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, which seems to represent an

intermediate style. There are, unfortunately, no traces of any early experiments leading up to the wonderful Spenserian stanzas of the "Lotos-Eaters," Tennyson's only extant attempt at that historic form. It is remarkable, having regard to his early admiration for Spenser, Thomson and Byron, that no trace of an apprenticeship to Spenser's great stanza survives.

Mention may also be made of the collection of sonnets, all but one apparently written in the poet's nineteenth and twentieth years. Tennyson is commonly held to have failed in this form. Many of these sonnets, though imperfect in finish, seem to me superior to most of those in the published works and suggest that, had the poet cared to persevere with this form of composition, he would have become a master of the art. The number of different rhyme schemes employed is remarkable. Of the ten sonnets printed only two have similar arrangements; only one is on the true Italian model; one normal Shakespearean, and the remainder all more or less irregular.

Something should perhaps be said of the poems entitled "Marion," "Lisette," and "Amy," which recall "Lilian," "Rosalind," "Eleanore," etc., in the volumes of 1830 and 1832. These early poems have been adversely criticised, often with little discrimination. They are the work of



very young man, and some of them no doubt are inferior ; but I do not think anyone who reads (for example) "Rosalind" or "Eleanore" without prejudice can fail to realise that they show great metrical skill and have considerable beauty. They are, however, the outcome of an attitude towards women which is antipathetic and appears rather ridiculous to modern ideas, and this prevents them from being read without prejudice.

The three poems which I have included seem to me to have very genuine merits.

Finally, I will mention one curious characteristic of Tennyson's methods of composition of which various examples occur in this volume. I have noted in these early poems a number of lines which the poet used again, often years afterwards, in quite different contexts, in his published work. It is known and has been remarked that Tennyson often stored observations and similes for long periods before finally working them into his poems, and this storage of actual lines from early compositions is a fresh illustration of the same tendency. The remarkable thing is that the lines, when finally taken from storage, fit so naturally and aptly into their new context that they are often among the best passages in the poems in which they are employed.

So far I have dwelt chiefly on the historical value of the earlier verses which, with "The Devil and the Lady," form a unique record of a great poet's adolescence. But this is not the volume's only interest. I do not believe that any lover of poetry will doubt that its contents deserve to be published on their merits. The fact that Tennyson himself did not publish them during his long life is intelligible, though in some cases surprising. With his hatred of personal publicity, he would be the last person to do anything which would look like calling attention to his own incredible precocity, by the publication of early and immature work. Moreover, many of the poems are fragments or were for some reason never brought to the degree of perfection on which his fastidious taste insisted. While the poet was alive and able to bring his work to perfection, he was not likely to issue anything imperfect. Now that this is no longer possible, the only valid reason for withholding publication disappears.

It remains to add that the poems are printed exactly as Tennyson left them except for the omission of one or two obviously imperfect passages and some modifications of punctuation and the use of capital letters, particularly in the earlier pieces.

Parts of the "Rape of Proserpine" and "Armageddon" and all the other poems included in the volume, with the exception of "The Coach of Death," "In Deep and Solemn Dreams," "Sense and Conscience" and "The Outcast," appeared in *The Nineteenth Century and After* (issues for March, April and May 1931).

I am indebted to the Trustees of the late Hallam Lord Tennyson for permission to include "The Coach of Death."

C. T.

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*PART I*

BOYHOOD



TRANSLATION FROM CLAUDIAN'S  
"PROSERPINE"

T H E gloomy chariot of the God of night,  
And the wan stars that sicken'd at the sight,  
And the dark nuptials of th' infernal King,  
With senses rapt in holy thought, I sing.  
Away! away! profane ones! ye whose days  
Are spent in endless sin and error's maze,  
Seraphic transports through my bosom roll,  
All Phoebus fills my heart and fires my soul.  
Lo! the shrines tremble and a heavenly light  
Streams from their vaulted roofs serenely bright,  
The God! the God, appears! the yawning ground  
Moans at the view, the temples quake around,  
And high in air the Eleusinians raise  
The sacred torch with undulating blaze ;  
Hiss the green snakes to sacred rapture giv'n  
And meekly lift their scaly necks to heav'n,  
With easy lapse they win their gentle way  
And rear their rosy crests and listen to my lay.  
See! see! where triform Hecate dimly stands,  
And mild Iacchus leads the tuneful bands!  
Immortal glories round his temples shine,  
And flow'ring ivy wreaths his brows entwine ;  
From Parthia's land he clasps beneath his chin  
The speckled honours of the tiger's skin ;  
A vine-clad thyrsus with celestial grace  
Sustains his reeling feet and props his falling pace.



Ye mighty demons, whose tremendous sway  
The shadowy tribes of airy ghosts obey,  
To whose insatiate portion ever fall  
All things that perish on this earthly ball,  
Whom livid Styx with lurid torrent bounds  
And fiery Phlegethon for aye surrounds,  
Dark, deep and whirling round his flaming caves  
The braying vortex of his breathless waves,  
Eternal spirits! to your bard explain  
The dread Arcana of the Stygian reign,  
How that stern Deity, Infernal Jove,  
First felt the power, and own'd the force of love;  
How Hell's fair Empress first was snatch'd away  
From Earth's bright regions, and the face of day;  
How anxious Ceres wander'd far and near .  
Now torn by grief and tortur'd now by fear,  
Whence laws to man are giv'n, and acorns yield  
To the rich produce of the golden field.  
Hell's haughty Lord in times of old began  
To rouse 'gainst Heav'n the terrors of his clan;  
Stern fury shook his soul—that he alone  
Of every God upon his glitt'ring throne,  
Should lead a dull and melancholy life,  
Without the fond endearments of a wife—  
Wretch that he was, who knew not how to claim  
A consort's or a father's dearer name!  
Now Hell's misshapen monsters rush to arms  
And fill the wide abyss with loud alarms;  
The haggard train of midnight Furies meet  
To shake the Thunderer from his starry seat,  
And pale Tisiphone, with baleful breath  
Calls the thin Ghosts within the camp of Death ;

High in her hand amid the shades of night  
The gleaming pine shoots forth a dismal light,  
Around her head the snaky volumes rise  
And dart their tongues of flame and roll their gory eyes.  
Now had all nature gone to wrack again  
And Earth's fell offspring burst their brazen chain,  
And from the deep recesses where they lay  
Uprisen in wrath to view the beam of day,  
Now had the fierce Aegaeon thrown aside  
The adamantine limits of his pride,  
Uprear'd his hundred-handed form on high  
And dar'd the forkéd terrors of the sky;  
But the dire Parcae with a piercing yell  
Before the throne of gloomy Pluto fell,  
Around his knees their suppliant hands were thrown,  
Those awful hands which make the world their own,  
Whose dreadful power the shades of Hades fear  
And men on earth, and Gods in Heav'n revere,  
Which mark the lot of fate's unerring page  
And ply their iron tasks through every age.  
First Lachesis began (while all around  
Hell's hollow caverns shudder'd at the sound),  
"Dark Power of night and God of Hell, for whom  
We draw the fated threads of human doom,  
Thou end and origin of all on earth,  
Redeeming death below by human birth!  
Thou Lord of life and dissolution! King  
Of all that live! (for first from thee they spring  
And to thee they return, and in thy reign  
Take other shapes and seek the world again)  
Break not, ah! break not with unholy deed  
That peace our laws have fix'd, our threats decreed.

Oh, wake not thou the trumpet's impious swell  
 Nor raise thy standard in the gulph of Hell  
 Nor rouse the Titans from their dread abode,  
 The hideous Titans, foes to man and God.  
 Jove,—Jove himself shall grant thine ardent wish  
 And some fond wife shall crown thy nuptial bliss."

She spake—the God was struck with sudden shame  
 And his wild fury lost its former flame. .  
 So when with whirlwinds in his icy train  
 Stern Boreas sweeps along the sounding plain,  
 Bright o'er his wings the glittering frost is spread  
 And deathless winters crown his hoary head,  
 Then bow the groves, the woods his breath obey,  
 The heaving Ocean tosses either way.  
 But lo! if chance on far Aeolia's shores  
 The God of winds should close his brazen doors,  
 With sudden pause the jarring tumults cease,  
 And Earth, Air, Ocean, find one common peacc.  
 Then Maia's son he calls, in haste to bear  
 His fix'd commands through all the deep of air;  
 Prompt at the word Cyllenius is at hand  
 Adorn'd with pinion'd brow and magic wand.  
 Himself the God of terrors, rear'd on high,  
 Sits thron'd in shades of midnight majesty,  
 Dim wreaths of mist his mighty sceptre shroud,  
 He veils his horrors in a viewless cloud.  
 Then thus in haughty tone the God began  
 ('Through Hell's wide halls the echoing accents ran,  
 The bellowing beast that guards the gates of Hell  
 Repress'd the thunder of his triple yell,  
 And sad Cocytus at the sudden cry  
 Recall'd his wailing stream of misery.

From Acheron's banks no sullen murmurs spread,  
 His hoarse waves slumbered on his noiseless bed,  
 'Gan Phlegethon in surly haste retire  
 And still his whirling waves and check his flood of fire),  
 "Grandson of Atlas, thou whose footsteps stray  
 Through Hell's deep shadows, and the realms of day,  
 To whom alone of all the Gods 'tis giv'n  
 To tread the shores of Styx and halls of Heav'n,  
 Chain of each world and link of either sphere,  
 Whom Tegea's sons in silent awe revere,  
 Go, cleave the winds and bear my will to Jove,  
 That haughty God who sways the realms above. . . .

*Note.*—This is a free translation into 133 English lines of the first 93 lines of Claudian's "De Raptu Proserpinae."

The MS. of this fragment is in the same notebook as that of the earliest version of "The Devil and the Lady," which it precedes. The title-page of the notebook is inscribed "Translation of Claudian's Proserpine, by A. Tennyson," and bears no reference to "The Devil and the Lady," so that the Claudian translation is evidently the earlier poem of the two, and the earliest extant poem by Tennyson. He himself said that he wrote "hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre," after reading Pope's "Iliad," which was a favourite book of his when he was about eleven or twelve.

The first draft of "The Devil and the Lady" was written when he was fourteen (see the Preface to the edition published by Macmillan & Co. in February 1930), and this translation, therefore, belongs to a period between the eleventh and fourteenth years of the poet.

The Latin text of Claudian's lines is included in an appendix to this volume.

## ARMAGEDDON

(MS.  
obliterated  
here.—C.T.)

.....Prophecy whose mighty grasp  
 .....ings whose capacious soul  
 .....illimitable abyss  
 .....bottomless futurity  
 .....giant figures that shall pace  
 .....of its stage—whose subtle ken  
 .....the doubly darkened firmament  
 .....to come with all its burning stars  
 .....erful intervals. I thank thy power,  
 Whose wondrous emanation hath poured  
 Bright light on what was darkest, and removed  
 The cloud that from my mortal faculties  
 Barred out the knowledge of the Latter Times.

I stood upon the mountain which o'erlooks  
 The valley of destruction and I saw  
 Things strange, surpassing wonder; but to give  
 Utterance to things unutterable, to paint  
 In dignity of language suitable  
 The majesty of what I then beheld,  
 Were past the power of man. No fabled Muse  
 Could breathe into my soul such influence  
 Of her seraphic nature, as to express  
 Deeds inexpressible by loftiest rhyme.

I stood upon the mountain which o'erlooks  
 The valley of Megiddo.—Broad before me

Lay a huge plain whereon the wandering eye,  
Weary with gazing, found no resting-place,  
Unbroken by the ridge of mound or hill  
Or far-off cone of some aerial mount  
Varying the horizon's sameness.

Eve came down

Upon the valleys and the sun was setting;  
Never set sun with such portentous glare  
Since he arose on that gay morn, when Earth  
First drunk the light of his prolific ray.  
Strange figures thickly thronged his burning orb,  
Spirits of discord seem'd to weave across  
His fiery disk a web of bloody haze,  
Thro' whose reticulations struggled forth  
• His ineffectual, intercepted beams,  
Curtaining in one dark terrific pall  
Of dun-red light heaven's azure and earth's green.

The beasts fled to their dens; the little birds  
All wing'd their way home shrieking: fitful gusts  
Of violent tempest shook the scanty palm  
That cloth'd the mountain ridge whereon I stood:  
And in the red and murky Even light,  
Black, formless, unclean things came flitting by;  
Some seemed of bestial similitude  
And some half human, yet so horrible,  
So shadowy, indistinct and undefin'd,  
It were a mockery to call them ought  
Save unrealities, which took the form  
And fashioning of such ill-omened things  
That it were sin almost to look on them.

There was a mingling too of such strange sounds  
(Which came at times upon my startled hearing)  
Half wailing and half laughter ; such a dissonance  
Of jarring confus'd voices, part of which  
Seem'd hellish and part heavenly, whisperings,  
Low chauntings, strangled screams, and other notes  
Which I may liken unto nothing which  
I ever heard on Earth, but seem'd most like  
A mixture of the voice of man and beast ;  
And then again throughout the lurid waste  
Of air, a breathless stillness reigned, so deep,  
So deathlike, so appalling, that I shrunk  
Into myself again, and almost wish'd  
For the recurrence of those deadly sounds,  
Which fix'd my senses into stone, and drove  
The buoyant life-drops back into my heart.

Nor did the glittering of white wings escape  
My notice far within the East, which caught  
Ruddy reflection from the ensanguin'd West ;  
Nor, ever and anon, the shrill clear sound  
Of some aerial trumpet, solemnly  
Pealing throughout the Empyrean void.

Thus to some wakeful hind who on the heights  
Outwatches the wan planet, comes the sound  
Of some far horn along the distant hills  
Echoing, in some beleaguer'd country, where  
The pitiless Enemy by night hath made  
Sudden incursion and unsafe inroad.

The streams, whose imperceptible advance  
Lingering in slow meanders, once was wont

To fertilize the plain beneath—whose course  
Was barely mark'd save by the lazy straws  
That wandered down them—now, as instinct with life,  
Ran like the lightning's wing, and dash'd upon  
The curvature of their green banks a wreath  
Of lengthen'd foam ; and yet, although they rush'd  
Incalculably swift and fring'd with spray  
The pointed crags, whose wave-worn slippery height  
Parted their glassy channels, there awoke  
No murmurs round them—but their sapphire depths  
Of light were changed to crimson, as the sky  
Glow'd like a fiery furnace.

In the East

Broad rose the moon, first like a beacon flame  
Seen on the far horizon's utmost verge,  
Or red eruption from the fissur'd cone  
Of Cotopaxi's cloud-cap't altitude ;  
Then with dilated orb and mark'd with lines  
Of mazy red athwart her shadowy face,  
Sickly, as though her secret eyes beheld  
Witchcrafts, abominations, and the spells  
Of sorcerers, what time they summon up  
From out the stilly chambers of the earth  
Obscene, inutterable phantasies.

The sun went down ; the hot and feverish night  
Succeeded ; but the parch'd, unwholesome air  
Was unrecruited by the tears of heaven.  
There was a windless calm, a dismal pause,  
A dreary interval, wherein I held  
My breath and heard the beatings of my heart.  
The moon show'd clearer yet, with deadlier gleam,



Her ridgéd and uneven surface stain'd  
With crosses, fiery streaks, and wandering lines—  
Bloody impressions! and a star or two  
Peer'd through the thick and smoky atmosphere.

Strange was that lunar light: the rock which stood  
Fronting her sanguine ray, seem'd chang'd unto  
A pillar of crimson, while the other half  
Averted, and whatever else around  
Stood not in opposition to her beams,  
Was shrouded in the densest pall of night  
And darkness almost palpable.

Deep fear  
And trembling came upon me, when I saw  
In the remotest chambers of the East  
Ranges of silver tents beside the moon,  
Clear, but at distance so ineffable,  
That save when keenly view'd, they else might seem  
But little shining points or galaxies,  
The blending of the beams of many stars.

Full opposite within the lurid West,  
In clear relief against the long rich vein  
Of melancholy red that fring'd the sky,  
A suite of dark pavilions met mine eyes,  
That covered half the western tide of Heaven,  
Far stretching, in the midst of which tower'd one  
Pre-eminent, which bore aloft in air  
A standard, round whose staff a mighty snake  
Twin'd his black folds, the while his ardent crest  
And glossy neck were swaying to and fro.

## II

The rustling of white wings ! The bright descent  
Of a young seraph ! and he stood beside me  
In the wide foldings of his argent robes  
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face  
With his unutterable shining eyes,  
So that with hasty motion I did veil  
My vision with both hands, and saw before me  
Such coloured spots as dance before the eyes  
Of those that gaze upon the noonday sun.

“O Son of Man, why stand you here alone  
Upon the mountain, knowing not the things  
Which will be, and the gathering of the nations  
Unto the mighty battle of the Lord ?  
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull Mortality,  
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay—  
Open thine eyes and see !”

I look'd, but not  
Upon his face, for it was wonderful  
With its exceeding brightness, and the light  
Of the great Angel Mind that look'd from out  
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.  
I felt my soul grow godlike, and my spirit  
With supernatural excitation bound  
Within me, and my mental eye grew large  
With such a vast circumference of thought,  
That, in my vanity, I seem'd to stand  
Upon the outward verge and bound alone  
Of God's omniscience. Each failing sense,  
As with a momentary flash of light,

Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw  
The smallest grain that dappled the dark Earth,  
The indistinctest atom in deep air,  
The Moon's white cities, and the opal width  
Of her small, glowing lakes, her silver heights  
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,  
And the unsounded, undescended depth  
Of her black hollows. Nay—the hum of men  
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,  
And notes of busy Life in distant worlds,  
Beat, like a far wave, on my anxious ear.

I wondered with deep wonder at myself:  
My mind seem'd wing'd with knowledge and the  
strength  
Of holy musings and immense Ideas,  
Even to Infinitude. All sense of Time  
And Being and Place was swallowed up and lost  
Within a victory of boundless thought.  
I was a part of the Unchangeable,  
A scintillation of Eternal Mind,  
Remix'd and burning with its parent fire.  
Yea! in that hour I could have fallen down  
Before my own strong soul and worshipp'd it.

Highly and holily the Angel look'd.  
Immeasurable Solicitude and Awe,  
And solemn Adoration and high Faith,  
Were trac'd on his imperishable front—  
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,  
Which but to look on for a moment fill'd  
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,

In accents of majestic melody,  
Like a swollen river's gushings in still night  
Mingled with floating music, thus he spoke.

### III

"O Everlasting God, and thou not less  
The Everlasting Man (since that great spirit  
Which permeates and informs thine inward sense,  
Though limited in action, capable  
Of the extreme of knowledge—whether join'd  
Unto thee in conception or confin'd  
From former wanderings in other shapes  
I know not—deathless as its God's own life,  
Burns on with inextinguishable strength),  
O Lords of Earth and Tyrannies of Hell,  
And thrones of Heaven, whose triple pride shall clash  
In the annihilating anarchy  
Of unimaginable war, a day  
Of darkness riseth on ye, a thick day,  
Pall'd with dun wreaths of dusky fight, a day  
Of many thunders and confuséd noise,  
Of bloody grapplings in the interval  
Of the opposéd Battle, a great day  
Of wonderful revealings and vast sights  
And inconceivable visions, such as yet  
Have never shone into the heart of Man—  
THE DAY of the Lord God!"

His voice grew deep  
With volumes of strong sound, which made the rock  
To throb beneath me, and his parted locks  
Of spiral light fell raylike, as he mov'd,

On each white shoulder : his ambrosial lip  
Was beautifully curv'd, as in the pride  
And power of his mid Prophecy : his nostril  
Dilated with Expression ; half upturn'd  
The broad beneficence of his clear brow  
Into the smoky sky ; his sunlike eyes  
With tenfold glory lit ; his mighty arm  
Outstretch'd described half-circles ; small thin flashes  
Of intense lustre followed it.

#### IV

I look'd,  
And lo ! the vision of the night was chang'd.  
The sooty mantle of infernal smoke  
Whose blank, obliterating, dewless cloud  
Had made the plain like some vast crater, rose  
Distinct from Earth and gather'd to itself  
In one dense, dry, interminable mass  
Sailing far Northward, as it were the shadow  
Of this round Planet cast upon the face  
Of the bleak air. But this was wonderful,  
To see how full it was of living things,  
Strange shapings, and anomalies of Hell,  
And dusky faces, and protruded arms  
Of hairy strength, and white and garish eyes,  
And silent intertwined thunderbolts,  
Wreathing and sparkling restlessly like snakes  
Within their grassy depths. I watch'd it till  
Its latest margin sank beneath the sweep  
Of the horizon.

All the crimson streaks  
And bloody dapplings faded from the disk  
Of the immaculate morn.

An icy veil  
Of pale, weak, lifeless, thin, unnatural blue  
Wrapt up the rich varieties of things  
In grim and ghastly sameness.

The clear stars  
Shone out with keen but fix'd intensity,  
All-silence, looking steadfast consciousness  
Upon the dark and windy waste of Earth.  
There was a beating in the atmosphere,  
An indefinable pulsation  
Inaudible to outward sense, but felt  
Thro' the deep heart of every living thing,  
As if the great soul of the Universe  
Heav'd with tumultuous throbbings on the vast  
Suspense of some grand issue. . . .

*Note.*—When Tennyson was in his second year at Cambridge, his father pressed him to enter for the Prize Poem (the "Chancellor's Medal"). He consented, though much against his will. The subject of the competition was "Timbuctoo," and Tennyson, apparently unwilling to devote much thought or labour to the task, sent home for this early poem on the somewhat incongruous theme of "Armageddon," which he adapted to the subject in hand. The poem won the prize, in spite of the fact that it was in blank verse instead of the rhyming couplet, which was still regarded as the only fitting metre for a prize poem, and in spite of an obscurity and lack of form which was no doubt partly due to the method of its composition.

"Armageddon" is evidently very early work and this is probably an early draft, seeming from the handwriting to have been written when the poet was not more than fifteen. "Timbuctoo" was published in the Oxford University Press "Tennyson," edited by Sir T. Herbert Warren, and a comparison of the two poems shows that only a very small quantity of "Armageddon" was

actually incorporated in "Timbuctoo," though there is a similarity between the general framework of the poems. In each an angel comes down to the poet when standing on a mountain.

"Timbuctoo" commences with the line—

"I stood upon the mountain which o'erlooks," which begins the second and third paragraphs of "Armageddon," though in the former poem the mountain overlooks not Megiddo but the Straits of Gibraltar. Then follow sixty lines in which the poet dreams of the legend of lost Atlantis, and asks if Africa still holds a city;

"as fair

As those which starr'd the night o' the Elder World?  
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo  
A dream as frail as those of ancient times?"

Then comes the next similarity (cf. the opening lines of Part II of "Armageddon"):

"A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!  
A rustling of white wings! The bright descent  
Of a young seraph! And he stood beside me  
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face  
With his unutterable, shining orbs."

The seraph is then described in lines which do not occur in the earlier poem and asks the poet why he muses on these old legends and bids him open his eyes and see. Then follow the twenty-four lines from Armageddon which begin:

"I look'd, but not upon his face,"

and end:

"Beat like a far wave on my aious ear,"

which are perhaps the best lines in both poems, and of interest as being a very early description by the poet of the mystical experience of separation of spirit from body, which he believed that he experienced from time to time (cf. "The Ancient Sage" and the early poem "The Mystic" quoted in the notes on that poem in the collected edition).

In "Timbuctoo" Tennyson inserted six new lines after

"of her black hollows."

in the twenty-first line, and omitted the next fifteen lines of this fine passage, the only remaining similarity to "Armageddon" being the subsequent incorporation in quite a different context of the last six lines of Part II.

## THE COACH OF DEATH<sup>1</sup>

(A fragment)

F A R off in the dun, dark Occident,  
Behind the burning Sun:  
Where his gilding ray is never sent,  
And his hot steeds never run:

There lies a land of chilling storms,  
A region void of light,  
A land of thin faces and shadowy forms,  
Of vapors, and mist, and night.

There never green thing will gaily spring  
In that unwholesome air,  
But the rickety blast runs shrilly and fast  
Thro' the bony branches there.

When the shadow of night's eternal wings  
Envelopes the gloomy whole,  
And the mutter of deep-mouth'd thunderings  
Shakes all the starless pole,

Thick sobs and short shrill screams arise  
Along the sunless waste,  
And the things of past days with their horrible eyes  
Look out from the cloudy vast.

<sup>1</sup> Published by Hallam Lord Tennyson in his Memoir (see p. 23, one-volume edn.), and stated to have been written by the poet at fourteen or fifteen years of age (*ib.* p. 19).



And the earth is dry, tho' the pall of the sky  
    Leave never an inch of blue;  
And the moaning wind before it drives  
    Thick wreaths of cloudy dew.

Whoever walks that bitter ground  
    His limbs beneath him fail;  
His heart throbs thick, his brain reels sick:  
    His brow is clammy and pale.

But some have hearts that in them burn  
    With power and promise high,  
To draw strange comfort from the earth,  
    Strange beauties from the sky.

Dark was the night, and loud the roar  
    Of wind and mingled shower,  
When there stood a dark coach at an old Inn door  
    At the solemn midnight hour.

That Inn was built at the birth of Time:  
    The walls of lava rose,  
Cemented with the burning slime  
    Which from Asphaltus flows.

No sound of joy, no revelling tones  
    Of carouse were heard within:  
But the rusty sign of a skull and cross-bones  
    Swung creaking before the Inn.

No taper's light look'd out on the night,  
    But ever and anon

Strange fiery eyes glared fiercely thro'  
The windows of shaven bone.

And the host came forth, and stood alone  
And still in the dark doorway:  
There was not a tinge on each high cheek bone  
But his face was a yellow gray.

The skin hung lax on his long thin hands;  
No jolly host was he;  
For his shanks were shrunk to willow wands  
And his name was Atrophy!

Dimly the travellers look'd thro' the glooms,  
Worn and wan was their gaze, I trow,  
As the shrivell'd forms of the shadowy grooms  
Yoked the skeleton horses to.

They lifted their eyes to the dead, pale skies,  
And above the barkless trees  
They saw the green verge of the pleasant earth,  
And heard the roar of her seas.

They see the light of their blest firesides,  
They hear each household voice:  
The whisper'd love of the fair young wives;  
And the laugh of their rose-lipp'd boys.

The summer plains with their shining leaves,  
The summer hills they see;  
The dark vine leaves round the rustling eaves,  
And the forests, fair and free.

There came a gaunt man from the dark Inn door,  
A dreadnought coat had he:  
His bones crack'd loud, as he stept thro' the crowd,  
And his boots creak'd heavily.

Before his eyes so grim and calm  
The tingling blood grew chill,  
As each put a farthing into his palm,  
To drive them where he will.

His sockets were eyeless, but in them slept  
A red infernal glow;  
As the cockroach crept, and the white fly leapt  
About his hairless brow.

They mounted slow in their long black cloaks,  
The tears bedimm'd their sight;  
The grim old coachee strode to the box,  
And the guard gasp'd out "All's right."

The leaders bounded, the guard's horn sounded:  
Far away thro' the night ran the lengthen'd tones:  
As the quick wheels brush'd, and threw up the dust  
Of dead men's pulverised bones.

Whose blood in its liveliest course would not pause  
At the strife of the shadowy wheels,  
The chattering of the fleshless jaws,  
And the beat of the horny heels?

Deep dells of snow sunk on each side below  
The highway, broad and flat,

As the coach ran on, and the sallow lights shone  
Dimly and blurly with simmering fat.

Vast wastes of starless glooms were spread  
Around in the chilling air,  
And heads without bodies and shapes without heads  
Went leaping here and there.

---

O Coachee, Coachee, what lights approach  
With heavenly melodies?  
Oh! those are the lights of the Paradise coach,  
That so gaily meet their eyes!

With pleasant hymns they soothe the air  
Of death, with songs of pride:  
With sackbut, and with dulcimer,  
With psaltery they ride.

These fear not the mists of unwholesome damps  
That through that region rove,  
For all wreath'd with green bays were the gorgeous  
lamps,  
And a bright archangel drove.

They pass'd (an inner spirit fed  
Their ever-burning fires,)  
With a solemn burst of thrilling light,  
And a sound of stringéd lyres.

With a silver sound the wheels went round,  
The wheels of burning flame;  
Of beryl, and of amethyst  
Was the spiritual frame.

Their steeds were strong exceedingly:  
And rich was their attire:  
Before them flow'd a fiery stream;  
They broke the ground with hoofs of fire.

They glitter'd with a stedfast light,  
The happy spirits within;  
As stars they shone, in raiment white,  
And free from taint of sin.

## ODE: O BOSKY BROOK

O B O S K Y brook, which I have lov'd to trace  
Thro' all thy green and winding ways,  
Wandering in the pure light of youthful days  
    Along yon dusky windy hills,  
Whose dark indent and wild variety  
Curtails the Southern sky,  
Following, thro' many a windy grove of pines,  
White undergrowth of hemlock and hoar lines  
Of fallows, whitening to the fitful breeze,  
    The voiceful influx of thy tangled rills—  
How happy were the fresh and dewy years  
    When by thy damp and rushy side,  
    In the deep yellow Eventide,  
I wept sweet tears,  
Watching the red hour of the dying Sun,  
And felt my mind dilate  
With solemn uncontrollable pleasure, when  
The sad curve of the hueless Moon,  
Sole in her state,  
Varied with steadfast shades the glimmering plain,  
And full of lovely light  
Appear'd the mountain tarn's unbroken sleep,  
Which never felt the dewy sweep  
Of oars, but blackly lay  
Beneath the sunny living noon,  
Most like an insulated part of night,  
Tho' fair by ni ht    day:

So deep, that when day's manhood wears his crown  
Of hottest rays in Heaven's windy Hall,  
To one who pryeth curiously down,  
From underneath the infathomable pall  
    And pressure of the upright wave,  
The abiding eyes of Space, from forth the grave  
    Of that black Element,  
Shine out like wonderful gleams .  
    Of thrilling and mysterious beauty, sent  
From gay shapes sparkling thro' the gloom of  
    dreams.

## II

Well have I known thee, whatsoe'er thy phase,  
In every time and place,  
Pale Priestess of grey Night,  
Whether thy flood of mournful rays,  
Parted by dewless point of conic hill,  
Adown its richer side  
    Fell straying .  
Into the varied valley underneath;  
Or where, within the eddy tide  
Of some tumultuous mountain rill,  
Like some delusive charm  
Thy mimic form,  
Full opposite to thy reality,  
    Broken and flashing and playing  
In tremulous darts of slender light,  
Beguiled the sight;  
Or on the screaming waste of desolate heath  
In midnight full of sound,

Or in close pastures soft as dewy sleep,  
 Or in the hollow deep  
 Of woods, whose counterchang'd embroidery  
 Of light and darkness chequered the old moss  
 On the damp ground;  
 Or whether thou becamest the bright boss  
     Of thine own Halo's dusky shield,<sup>1</sup>  
         Or when thou burnest beaconlike upon  
 The margin of the dun and dappled field  
         Of vagrant waves, or higher ris'n, dost link  
         Thy reflex to the steadfast brink,  
 With such a lustrous chord of solemn sheen,  
 That the heart vibrates with desire to pace  
 The palpitating track of buoyant rays;  
     Or when the loud sea gambols and the spray  
 Of its confiction shoots and spreads and falls,  
 Blossoming round the everduring walls  
         Which build up the giant cape,  
         Whose mass'd and wonder-stirring shape  
         And jutting head,  
<sup>2</sup> Citadel-crowned and tempest-buffeted,  
 Runs far away,  
 (What time the white West glows with sickening ray)  
 And in the middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
 And plumes with snowy sheen each gather'd crest,  
 The lighthouse glowing from the secret rock,  
 The seabird piping on the wild salt waste.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Stanza IV of "The Voyage," published in 1864.

<sup>2</sup> The line "Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned" occurs in the poem "Will" published in 1855.



### III

I savour of the Egyptian and adore  
Thee, venerable dark! august obscure!  
    Sublimest Athor!  
It is not that I doat upon  
    Thy glooms, because the weary mind is  
        fraught  
With fond comparison  
Of thy deep shadow to its inward strife,  
    But rather,  
    That as thou wert the parent of all life,  
E'en so thou art the mother of all thought,  
Which wells not freely from the mind's recess  
    When the sharp sunlight occupies the sense  
With this fair world's exceeding comeliness,  
    The goodly show and varied excellence  
Of lithe tall trees, the languor of sweet flowers  
    Into the universal herbage woven,  
    High hills and broad fair vallies river-cloven,  
Part strown with lordly cities and with towers,  
Part spotted with the gliding white of pregnant sails;  
Add murmur, which the buxom gales  
    (As my glowing brows they fan)  
    Bear upward thro' the happy heights  
        of air,  
Chirp, bellow, bark and distant shout of  
    man—  
Not that the mind is edged,  
Not that the spirit of thought is fresher  
    fledged

With stillness like the stillness of the tomb  
And grossest gloom,  
As it were of the inner sepulchre.  
Rare sound, spare light will best address  
The soul for awful muse and solemn watchfulness. . . .

*Note.*—This fragment is evidently of early origin. A preliminary and less complete version exists in a notebook which contains some very early verses, apparently of about the date of "The Devil and the Lady" (written *aetat.* fourteen). The fragment is in three somewhat disconnected parts. The first is addressed to a brook, not the famous Holywell brook, though no doubt the description is, in parts, reminiscent of it, but to an imaginary mountain stream. The second is addressed to the moon, the last to darkness.

## THE OUTCAST

I W I L L not seek my father's groves,  
They murmur deeply o'er my head  
Of sunless days and broken loves:  
Their shade is dim and dark and dead.  
There thro' the length of cool arcades,  
Where noonday leaves the midnight dews,  
Unreal shapes of twilight shades  
Along the sombre avenues,  
To Memory's widowed eyes would spring  
In dreamy, drowsy wandering.

I will not seek my father's hills,  
Their hue is fresh and clear and bright,  
What time the early sunbeam fills  
Their bush-clad depths with lonely light.  
Each broken stile, each wavy path,  
Each hollowed hawthorn, damp and black,  
Each brook that chatters noisy wrath  
Among its knotted reeds, bring back  
Lone images of varied pain  
To this worn mind and fevered brain.

I will not seek my father's hall:  
There peers the day's unhallow'd glare,  
The wet moss crusts the parting wall,  
The wassail wind is reveller there.  
Along the weedy, chinky floors

Wild knots of flowering rushes blow  
And through the sounding corridors  
The sere leaf rustles to and fro:  
And oh! what memory might recall  
If once I paced that voiceless Hall!

*Note.*—The MS. (not in Tennyson's hand) is initialled "A.T.  
1826 " The lines, therefore, date from the poet's seventeenth  
year.

## IN DEEP AND SOLEMN DREAMS

I N deep and solemn dreams I view  
Great cities by an ocean blue,  
Terrace upon terrace bright  
Standing out in sunny light,

And sheeny spires and turrets mixt  
With pomp of burnish'd domes betwixt,  
And pinnacles, and airy halls  
With fairy fretwork on the walls,

And rows of pillars high and light,  
That end in lines of streaky white,  
Brooded o'er by dovelike rest,  
Like a City of the Blest.

All adown the busy ways  
Come sunny faces of lost days,  
Long to mouldering dust consign'd,  
Forms which live but in the mind.

Then methinks they stop and stand,  
And I take each by the hand,  
And we speak as we have spoken  
Ere our love by death was broken.

With tearless ageless eyes that glisten  
In light and tranquil mirth, they listen,  
And as sleep the brain beguiles  
Smile their old familiar smiles.

But ere long that silent sea,  
Rising wild and wrathfully,  
Sweeps in all-embracing might  
Friends and city from my sight—  
Then I lie and toss and mourn  
Hopeless, heartless and forlorn.

Then I dream again, and lo!  
Round me press a laughing row,  
A careless, free and happy crowd,  
With merry hearts and voices loud,  
On the level sungirt lawn  
Ere the glorious sun be born.

And I gaze without a tear  
On their countenances clear,  
On their noble foreheads white,  
And their eyes divine with light—

“Hark away! ’tis early morn,  
The East is crimson to the dawn,  
We have waked the matin bird  
And the brooks may yet be heard.

Brothers, come ! the twilight’s tears  
Are heavy on the barley spears,  
And the sweet winds tremble o’er  
The large leaves of the sycamore.<sup>1</sup>

Cf.

IN MEMORIAM XCV.

And sucked from out the distant gloom  
A breeze began to tremble o’er  
The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

Hark away ! we'll weave to-day  
A garland of all flowers gay,  
Where the freshest flowers be  
To the far wood walks will we."

Yet a little, brothers, keep  
The sacred charm of tearless sleep—  
Oh unkind ! what darkening change  
Hath made your features dim and strange !

Dear lips, loved eyes, ye fade, ye fly,  
Even in my fear ye die,  
And the hollow dark I dread  
Closes round my friendless head,

And far away, to left and right,  
Whirlwinds waste the dizzy night,  
And I lie and toss and mourn,  
Hopeless, heartless and forlorn.

*Note.*—There are several extant versions of this poem, which seems to have been begun at Somersby and finished at Cambridge.

## MEMORY

A y me! those childish lispings roll  
As thunder thro' my heart and soul,  
Those fair eyes in my inmost frame  
Are subtle shafts of pierceant flame.

Blesséd, curséd, Memory,  
Shadow, Spirit as thou may'st be,  
Why hast thou become to me  
A conscience dropping tears of fire  
On the heart, which vain desire  
Vexeth all too bitterly?  
When the wand of circumstance  
All at once hath bid thee glance,  
From the body of the Past,  
Like a wandering ghost aghast,  
Why wearest thou, mad Memory,  
Lip and lip and hair and eye,<sup>1</sup>  
Life—life without life or breath,  
Death forth issuing from Death?

May goes not before dark December,  
Nor doth the year change suddenly;  
Wherefore do I so remember  
That Hope is born of Memory  
Nightly in the house of dreams?  
But when I wake, at once she seems

<sup>1</sup> The first word of this line is very hard to decipher and I cannot guarantee the text.



The faery changeling wan Despair,  
Who laughs all day and never speaks—  
O dark of bright ! O foul of fair !  
A frightful child with shrivelled cheeks.

Why at break of cheerful day  
Doth my spirit faint away  
Like a wanderer in the night ?  
Why in visions of the night  
Am I shaken with delight  
Like a lark at dawn of day ?  
As a hungry serpent coiled  
Round a palm tree in the wild,  
When his bakéd jaws are bare  
Burning in the burning air,  
And his corky tongue is black  
With the raging famine-crack,  
If perchance afar he sees  
Winding up among the trees,  
Lordly-headed buffaloes,  
Or but hears their distant lows,  
With the fierce remembrance drunk  
He crushes all the stalwart trunk  
Round which his fainting folds are prest,  
With delirium-causing throes  
Of anticipated zest.

*Note.*—This fragment, which is very hastily written, occurs in the same notebook as the two preceding poems, "O Bosky rook" and "In Deep and Solemn Dre s." It, too, appears to belong to the Somersby-Cambridge tr sition period.

## PERDIDI DIEM

AND thou hast lost a day! Oh mighty boast!  
Dost thou miss one day only? I have lost  
A life, perchance an immortality;  
I never *liv'd* a day, but daily die,  
    I have no real breath;  
My being is a vacant worthlessness,  
A carcase in the coffin of this flesh,  
    Pierc'd thro' with loathly worms of utter Death.  
My soul is but th' eternal mystic lamp,  
Lighting that charnel damp,  
Wounding with dreadful days that solid gloom,  
And shadowing forth th' unutterable tomb,  
Making a 'darkness visible'  
Of that which without thee we had not felt  
As darkness, dark ourselves and loving night,  
Night-bats into the filtering crevices  
Hook'd, clinging, darkness-fed, at ease:  
Night-owls whose organs were not made for light.  
I must needs pore upon the mysteries  
Of my own infinite Nature and torment  
My Spirit with a fruitless discontent:  
As in the malignant light  
Of a dim, dripping, moon-enfolding night,  
Young ravens fallen from their cherishing nest  
On the elm-summit, flutter in agony  
With a continual cry  
About its roots, and fluttering trail and spoil

Their new plumes on the misty soil,  
But not the more for this  
Shall the loved mother minister  
Aerial food, and to their wonted rest  
Win them upon the topmost branch in air  
With sleep-compelling down of her most glossy breast.  
In chill discomfort still they cry—  
What is the death of life if this be not to die?

## II

You tell me that to me a Power is given,  
An effluence of serenest fire from Heaven,  
Pure, vapourless, and white,  
As God himself in kind, a spirit-guiding light, .  
Fed from each self-originating spring  
Of most inviolate Godhead, issuing  
From underneath the shuddering stairs which climb  
The throne,  
Where each intense pulsation  
And going-on o' th' heart of God's great life,  
Out of the sphere of Time,  
As from an actual centre is heard to beat,  
And to the thrilling mass communicate,  
Goes through and through with musical fire and  
through  
The spiritual nerves and arteries  
Of those first spirits, which round the incorruptible  
base  
Bow, with furl'd pinions veiling their immortal eyes,  
As not enduring, face to face,  
Eye-combat with th' unutterable gaze.

These are the highest few:  
 Thence to the lower, broader circle runs  
 The sovran subtil impulse on and on,  
 Until all Heaven, an inconceivable cone  
 Of vision-shadowing vans and claspéd palms,  
 Of circle below circle, file below  
 File, one life, one heart, one glow,  
 Even to the latest range which tramples on the highest  
     suns,  
 With every infinite pulsation  
 Brightens and darkens; downward, downward still  
 The mighty pulses thrill  
 With wreathéd light and sound,  
 Thro' the rare web-work woven round  
 The highest spheres,  
 Prompting the audible growth of great harmonious  
     years.  
 Base of the cone,  
 Last of the link,  
 Each rolling sun and hornéd moon,  
 All the awful and surpassing lights  
 Which we from every zone  
 Of th' orbéd Earth survey on summer nights,  
 (When nights are deepest and most clear)  
 Are in their station cold;  
 The latest energies of light they drink:  
 The latest fiat of Divine Art,  
 Our Planets, slumbering in their swiftness, hear  
 The last beat of the thunder of God's heart. . . .

*Note.*—This fragment is from a notebook inscribed "A. Tennyson, Trin· Coll·, Cambridge." An earlier version of the first few lines also exists, suggesting that the lines were begun at Somersby.



*PART II*  
CAMBRIDGE



## PLAYFELLOW WINDS

PLAYFELLOW winds and stars, my friends of old,  
    (For sure your voice was friendly, your eyes bright  
    With sympathy, what time my spirit was cold  
    And frozen at the fountain, my cheek white  
As my own hope's quench'd ashes) as your memories  
    More than yourselves you look, so overcast  
    With steam of this dull Town your burning eyes:  
Now surely e'en your memories wear more light  
Than do your present selves. Ye sympathise  
As ever with me, stars, from first to last.

*Note.*—These lines are from a notebook inscribed "A. Tennyson, Trin. Coll. Camb." A copy also exists, written in another hand and dated 1827. It was more probably written in 1828, in a mood of depression during the poet's first days at Cambridge.



## SENSE AND CONSCIENCE

WORKING high Treason toward thy sovranty,  
A traitorous and unfaithful minister,  
Have I been lavish of thy treasures, Time.  
Thy stores were shallow enow, but on their briefness  
Have I drawn largely and often, hoping they  
Were deeper than I found them, ill-informed,  
An ignorant vain steward: they lie so thin now  
I cannot choose but see their shallowness.  
When they are wasted I am out of place,  
And that must needs come quickly: for I have not  
(As the condition of mine office ran)  
Used them to furnish necessary wars  
With fitting front of opposition,  
And subtil temperament of harden'd arms,  
Wherewith to embattail *Spirit*, whose fair ranks,  
Strong in their essence but undisciplin'd,  
Were shock'd and riv'n and shaken asunder wide,  
And ridden over by the exulting *Sense*,  
Their clamorous shrieks dust-stifled—

Rather, Time,  
Unto the abuse of thy most precious ore,  
Did I win over the Arch-Enemy *Sense*,  
And set him in the chiefest offices  
And heights of the State, unto the infinite rack  
Of those few faithful in the land, which still  
Cried out against my stewardship. Then *Sense*  
Grew large and prosper'd at the court of Time,

Say rather, took away all thought of Time  
By his own imminent greatness, and then first  
Made me his bondsman, and by violence  
Wrench'd from my grasp the golden keys which guard  
The doors o' the Treasure-house. Great Conscience  
then,

The boldest of the warriors of Time,  
Prime mover of those wars of Spirit and Sense,  
The wisest of the councillors of Time,  
Ere while my bosom friend, whose voice till now  
Was loudest in the Council-room against  
The prevalent Ministry, was drugg'd to sleep  
By a most stealthy potion given by Sense—  
'To *sleep* ! for neither edge of finest steel  
'Nor barbed fire of spears, nor deadliest draught  
Could drive him to the death: such subtlety  
Of revivescence in his spirit lay,  
Infus'd by his immortal Parentage,  
Reason and Will !

They drove him to deep shades,  
A gloom monotonously musical .  
With hum of murmurous bees, which brooded deep  
In ever-trembling flowers, and constant moan  
Of waterfalls i' th' distance, and low winds  
Wandering close to Earth, and voice of doves,  
Which ever bowing cooed and cooing bowed  
Unto each other as they could not cease.  
Long time he lay and slept: his awful brows  
Pillow'd on violet-woven mosses deep ;  
The irrepressible power of his keen eyes  
Burn'd thro' the shadow of their down-dropt lids ;  
One hand was flung to distance ; the barr'd iron

Of battle-writhen sinews crush'd and mass'd  
The pleasurable flowers; the other grasp'd  
The hilt of that great blade of puissant flame  
Hight the *heart-cleaver*.

Alway in his sight  
Delicious dreams floated unto the music  
Of winds (whose fragrance and whose melodies  
Made sweet contention which should sweeter be,  
And thro' contention grew to perfectness  
Of most inviolate communion),  
And witching fantasies which won the heart,  
Lovely with bright black eyes and long black hair  
And lips which moved in silence, shaping words  
With meaning all too sweet for sound.

At last  
Came Memory wandering from afar, with stern  
Sad eyes and temples wan cinctur'd with yew;  
Pain went before her alway half turn'd round  
To meet her coming with drawn brows low-bent  
Whetting a dart on which her tears fell ever,  
Softening the stone that she might point the steel.  
The Giant rais'd his eyes and saw and knew  
The blackness of her shadow where she stood  
Between him and the moonlight of his soul.  
He started to his feet, but lacking strength  
From so long sleep fell prone, and tears of fire  
Wept, filling all the joyous flower-cups  
With burning blight and odour-quenching sighs,  
So that their golden colours fell away  
O'er-flown with pale. Rage seiz'd upon him then  
And grasping with both palms his wondrous blade,  
Sheer through the summit of the tallest flowers

He drave it : the rose fell, the argent lily,  
The dappled fox-glove with its poison'd leaves,  
And the tall poppy fell, whose eminent flower,  
Hued with the crimson of a fierce sunrise,  
Like to the wild youth of an evil King  
Is without sweetness, but who crowns himself  
Above the secret poisons of his heart  
In his old age. The ivy from the stem  
Was torn, the vine made desolate ; his feet  
Were crimson'd with its blood, from which flows joy  
And bitterness, first joy from bitterness,  
And then again great bitterness from joy.  
Soon shrouding with his hand his guilty eyes,  
Into the heart of the realm afar he fled  
And lived on little roots which memory  
Dug for him round his cell.

One solemn night  
He could not sleep, but on the bed of thorns,  
Which Memory and Pain had strown for him,  
Of brambles and wild thistles of the wood,  
Lay tossing, hating light and loathing dark,  
And in his agony his heart did seem  
To send up to his eyes great drops of blood,  
Which would not fall because his burning eyes  
Did hiss them into drought. Aloud he wept,  
Loud did he weep, for now the iron had come  
Into his soul : the hollow vaulted caverns  
Bore out his heavy sobs to the waste night,  
And some the low-browed arch return'd unto  
His ear ; so sigh from sigh unceasing grew. . . .

*Note.*—These lines are an unfinished allegory of the struggle  
between Sense and Conscience. The giant whose fate is here

described is Conscience; he is drugged by the adherents of Sense and cast out into a remote forest. The poem is contained in a notebook inscribed: "A. Tennyson, Trin. Coll., Cambridge." The poppy simile was afterwards transplanted to "The Lover's Tale." I have omitted one very involved and obviously imperfect passage of ten lines, the deletion of which causes no interruption of the sense.

## “ILION, ILION”

ILION, Ilion, dreamy Ilion, pillared Ilion, holy Ilion,  
City of Ilion when wilt thou be melody born?

Blue Scamander, yellowing Simois from the heart of  
piny Ida

Everwhirling from the molten snows upon the  
mountainthrone,

Roll Scamander, ripple Simois, ever onward to a  
melody

Manycircled, overflowing thoro' and thoro' the  
flowery level of unbuilt Ilion,

City of Ilion, pillared Ilion, shadowy Ilion, holy Ilion,  
To a music merrily flowing, merrily echoing  
When wilt thou be melody born?

Manygated, heavywalléd, manytowered city of Ilion,  
From the silver, lilyflowering meadowlevel

When wilt thou be melody born?

Ripple onward, echoing Simois,

Ripple ever with a melancholy moaning,

In the rushes to the dark blue brimméd Ocean,  
yellowing Simois,

To a music from the golden twanging harpwire  
heavily drawn.

Manygated, heavywalléd, manytowered city of  
Ilion,

To a music sadly flowing, slowly falling,

When wilt thou be melody born?

*Note.*—This fragment is from a pocket-book which contains fragments of many of the poems published in the volume of 1830. It is therefore almost certainly of the Cambridge period. I have retained the compound words which the poet employed at this period but afterwards abandoned, as they seem almost essential to the rhyth .

Tennyson's MS. indicates the syllabic scansion of the first stanza as follows :—

Ilion, Ilion, dreamy Ilion, pillared Ilion, holy Ilion,  
 City of Ilion when wilt thou be melody born? .  
 Blue Scamander, yellowing Simois from the heart of piny Ida  
 Everwhirling fro the molten snows upon the mountainthrone,  
 Roll Scamander, ripple Simois ever onward to a melody  
 Manycircled overflowing thoro' and thoro' the flowery level of  
 unbuilt Ilion,  
 City of Ilion, pillared Ilion, shadowy Ilion, holy Ilion,  
 To a music merrily flowing, merrily echoing  
 When wilt thou be melody born?

## ELEGIACS

O VER an old gate leaning i' th' mellow time of the  
gleaning  
Pleasant it was to hark unto the merry woodlark,  
Loudly he sang from the thicket, and nigher the shrilly  
balm-cricket  
Under a full-leaved spray chirruped and carolled  
away.  
Under a sky red-copéd the lights of the evening  
slopéd,  
All with a roseate heat tipping the points of the wheat;  
Every cloud over the dim sun was barred and bridgéd  
with crimson,  
Only one great gold star burn'd thro' a cleft from afar.  
Over a brook and two meadows beyond, up among the  
elm shadows,  
Steeped in the sunlight calm glowèd the white walls of  
the farm;  
Three full wains had been thither with labour, three  
empty come hither;  
Half of the gold stack stared over the pales in the yard.

*Note.*—These lines come from a notebook inscribed "A. Tennyson, Trin. Coll., Cambridge." They are very roughly written and entirely without stops. There is a gap in the MS. between lines eight and nine, which suggests that the poet may have intended to add another couplet there. The lines may be compared with the "Leonine Elegiacs" in the 1830 volume.



## MARION

THOU art not handsome, no, nor plain,  
And thou dost own no graceful art,  
Thou hast no little winning ways  
Whereby to win our love or praise,  
Yet holdest thou an ample reign  
Within the human heart.  
It is a sort of pride in thee,  
In every shade of joy or woe  
Still with the general mood to flow,  
Nor more nor less, but ever so.  
What is it oversteps this law,  
And overshadows the daily and the real  
As with a fruitful rain of grace?  
Let me die, Marion, if I ever saw  
Such ideal unideal,  
Such uncommon commonplace!  
Though thought and art and speech in thee  
Run parallel with thought and speech  
In the universal Mind,  
My gentle Marion, couldst thou teach  
That peculiar alchemy  
To the rest of womankind,  
Which evermore to precious ore  
Changes common thought in thee,  
That spiritual economy,  
Which wasteth not itself in signs,  
And yet with power intertwines  
Thine image with the memory,

The world would build thee silver shrines.  
From what far inward source  
Is that rare influence drawn,  
Enlightening all intercourse  
With thee, my quiet Marion?  
Which can illustrate every nameless act,  
And from the eyelids of hardfeatured fact  
Rain tender starlight on the heart?  
That magically woven net  
Thou throwest round me when we met,  
Thin-threaded as the cobweb round  
In a corner of the glass,  
Wherewith the green-winged moth is bound  
And seeth not and cannot pass.  
It is the slow-increased delight  
Of unperceived gentleness,  
That touching with scarce visible ray  
The barren light of every day,  
Possesseth all its nakedness  
With stealing shadows dusk and bright.

Love is a vine, and in the hot  
And southern slopes he takes delight;  
He curls his tendrils in thy light,  
But his grape clusters ripen not:  
But mild affection taketh root  
And prospers in thy placid light.  
Thou art the soul of commonplace  
The body all mankind divide.—

*Note.*—A note in the handwriting of Hallam Lord Tennyson attributes this poem to the Cambridge period. The last two lines do not fit into the rhyme scheme, so "Marion" cannot be regarded as a finished work.

## LISETTE

My light Lisette  
Is grave and shrewd,  
And half a prude,  
And half coquette,  
So staid and set,  
So terse and trim,  
So arch and prim  
Is my Lisette.

A something settled and precise  
Hath made a home in both the eyes  
Of my Lisette,  
Lives in the little wilful hands,  
The little foot that glides and flits,  
Braced with dark silken sandal-bands,  
Even in the coxcomb parroquette  
That on the drooping shoulder sits  
Of trim Lisette.

The measured motion of the blood;  
The words, where each one tells,  
Too logical for womanhood,  
Brief changes rung on silver bells;  
The cheek with health's close kisses warm,  
The finished form so light;  
Such fullness in a little form  
As satisfies the sight;

The bodice fitted so exact;  
The nutbrown tress so crisply curled,  
And the whole woman so compact,  
Her match is nowhere in the world;  
Such knowledge of the modes of life,  
And household order such,  
As might create a perfect wife,  
Not careful overmuch;  
All these so moved me  
When we met,  
I would she loved me,  
Trim Lisette.

What if to-morrow morn I go,  
And in an accent clipt and clear  
Say some three words within her ear,  
I think she would not answer "No."  
But by the ribbon in her hair,  
And those untasted lips, I swear,  
I keep some little doubt as yet;  
With such an eye  
So grave and sly,  
Looks my Lisette.  
What words may show  
The "Yes"—the "No"—  
Of trim Lisette?  
The doubt is less,  
Since last we met,  
Let it be "Yes"  
My sweet Lisette.

## AMY

HIGHMINDED and pure-thoughted, chaste and  
simple,

In Life's broad river set

A lily, where the waters faintly dimple,

Leaving the flower unwet;

The silver tongues of featherfooted rumour

Ne'er spake of thee to me,

Thou hast no range of wit, no wealth of humour,

But pure humility

Dwelling like moonlight in a silver vapour;

Not pale St. Agatha

Bent o'er her missal by her waxen taper,

Not sweet Cecilia,

St. Agnes on St. Agnes' Eve, who leadeth

Over the snowy hill

Her snowwhite lambs and with hushed footstep  
treadeth,

Is not so chaste and still

In the cold moon, e'er yet the crocus flamy

Or snowdrop burst to life;

Yet with a human love I love thee, Amy,

And woo thee for my wife. . . .

Dear sainted Amy, thou dost never tremble

To starts or thrills of love,

But rather in thy motion dost resemble

Hill-shaded streams, that move

Through the umber glebe and in brown deeps embosom

The tremulous Evenstar,

Fold within fold thou growest, a virgin blossom,  
In dewy glades afar . . .  
Yet take blind Passion; give him eyes; and freeing  
His spirit from his frame  
Make double-natured love lose half his being  
In thy spiritual flame,  
Till like a rainbow in a rainbow folded  
And of a rainbow made,  
My spirit within thy spirit may be moulded,  
My soul of thine the shade.

*Note.*—These lines are from the same pocket-book as the “Ilion” fragment in what is apparently a hurried first draft of a poem which the poet intended to revise. Some lines are very hard to decipher and I have omitted two passages, which were obviously very imperfect. So much is necessary to explain the poem’s evident defects, in spite of which I think it has qualities which justify its publication.

## LINES

TO THE PICTURE OF A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION

WHAT are you, lady? Nought is here  
To tell your name or story,  
To claim for you our smile or tear,  
To dub you Whig or Tory;  
I don't suppose we ever met,  
And how shall I discover  
Where first you danced a minuet,  
Or first deceived a lover?

Tell me what day the Post records  
Your mother's silk and satin;  
What night your father lulls the Lords  
With little bits of Latin;  
Who makes your shoes, whose skill designs  
Your dairy or your grotto;  
And in what page Debrett enshrines  
Your pedigree and motto.

And do you sing or do you sigh?  
And have you taste in bonnets?  
And do you read philosophy?  
Or do you publish sonnets?  
And does your beauty fling away  
The fetters Cupid forges?  
Or—are you to be married, pray,  
To-morrow at St. George's?

I ceased—methought the pencilled fan  
 Fluttered, or seemed to flutter—  
 Methought the painted lips began  
 Unearthly sounds to mutter, . . .  
 “I have no house, no ancestry,  
 No wealth, no reputation;  
 My name, fair sir, is ‘Nobody’;  
 Am I not your relation?”

*Note.*—These verses only exist in a series of poems copied in a hand not Tennyson’s. The first four lines are almost identical with the opening lines of W. M. Praed’s well-known poem “To the Portrait of a Lady in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy” (Every-day Characters).

“What are you, lady, nought is here  
 To tell your name or story,  
 To claim the gazer’s smile or tear,  
 To dub you Whig or damn you Tory,”

but the two poems have no other resemblance, and even the metre differs slightly (in the fourth line of the stanza). According to Derwent Coleridge’s edition of Praed (see Vol. II, p. 155) his poem was published in 1831. Here is something of a problem. As, however, all the other poems in the series which includes this poem are (except where expressly stated) by Tennyson, I think this must also be his, in spite of its dissimilarity to his known work and its similarity to Praed’s.

The explanation probably is that Tennyson saw the Praed poem when it was published in some periodical in 1831, memorised the first four lines and amused himself by making them the basis of an exercise in Praed’s manner.

If this is a true explanation, the lines show with what skill the poet could adopt and reproduce the style of another and very different writer.



## SONNET

S H E took the dappled partridge fleckt with blood,  
And in her hand the drooping pheasant bare,  
And by his feet she held the woolly hare,  
And like a master-painting where she stood,  
Lookt some new goddess of an English wood.  
Nor could I find an imperfection there,  
Nor blame the wanton act that showed so fair—  
To me whatever freak she plays is good.  
*Hers* is the fairest Life that breathes with breath,  
And *their* still plumes and azure eyelids closed  
Made quiet Death so beautiful to see  
That Death lent grace to Life and Life to Death  
And in one image Life and Death reposed,  
To make my love an Immortality.

## SONNET

A L A S ! how weary are my human eyes  
With all the thousand tears of human scorn.  
Alas ! how like the dappled moon at morn  
My waning spirit after darkness sighs.  
Thro' kindling buds hale March will yearly blow  
On hollow winds his gusty showerdrops,  
And many an April sprinkle the blue copse  
With snowy sloethorn-flowers when I am low,  
And brown September laughing cheerily  
Bruise his gold grain upon his threshing-floor,  
And all the infinite variety  
Of the dear world will vary evermore.  
Close weary eyes, breathe out my weary breath,  
One only thought I have, and that is death.

## SONNET

SALVE LUX RENATA

HAIL, Light, another time to mortal eyes  
Issuing from behind the starry veil,  
How gently morn steals from the misty skies  
Touching dim heights with sheeted radiance pale.  
Pleased I behold, for to my inward sight  
Within that dawn there dawns a mystery,  
The shining marvel of another light,  
On this auspicious day newborn to me.  
Therefore, Oh Lord, whose effluence increate  
Was light from everlasting; who dost call  
Each several morn "Let there be light" and strait  
For a day's space the light is over all,  
Grant to my dawn of joy a dawnlight strength  
To lead up into day of summer length.

*Note.*—This sonnet is obviously, and no doubt deliberately, reminiscent of the Invocation to Light at the beginning of Book III of "Paradise Lost."

## SONNET

T H E Wise, the Pure, the lights of our dull clime,  
Fall from the age, and we shall roam the gloom,  
Wild hearts, whom their own rage and heat consume,  
Weak wings, that every Sophister can lime.  
They will not hear the loud lies of the time  
To come, the shallow fret and frothy fume  
Of brass-mouthed demagogues, O'Connell, Hume,  
And the others whom the sacred Muse of rhyme  
Disdains to name. O that true Liberty  
Would ride upon the singing winds, and blow  
Her silver trumpet clear from sky to sky,  
That we might see, who love her all in all  
For her fair self, and of a surety know  
Those men that to the golden idol fall.

## SONNET

W O E to the double-tongued, the land's disease,  
Lords of the hustings, whose mob-rhetoric rends  
The ears of Truth ! How shall they make amends,  
Those that would shatter England's ancient ease  
Built on broad bases and the solid peace  
Wherein she prospered?—Woe to those false friends  
That mouth great things and for their own vile ends  
Make swarm with brazen clang the humming bees ;  
Those that would turn the ploughshares into swords,  
Those that inflame themselves with idle words  
In every market-place. Their doom is signed,  
Tho' they shall cause confusion and the storms  
Of civil blood—Moths, cankers, palmer-worms  
That gnaw the bud, blind leaders of the blind.

## SONNET

A h, fade not yet from out the green arcades,  
    Fade not, sweet Rose, for hark! the woodland shrills,  
A lamentation grows in all the shades,  
    And grief in copses where the linnet trills:  
    The sweet Rose fades from all the winding rills  
And waning arches of the golden glades:  
    From all the circuit of the purple hills  
    The sweet Rose fades, alas, how soon it fades.  
    It does not fade, but from the land it goes,  
    And leaves the land to winter. I remain,  
    To waste alone the slowly-narrowing days.  
It fades to me: for they transplant the Rose,  
    And further South the Rose will bloom again  
    Like a mere Rose that only cares for praise.

*Note*.—The last line suggests that the lament is for the departure of some human rose from the Somersby district.

## SONNET

I L I N G E R E D yet awhile to bend my way  
To that far South, for which my spirits ache,  
For under rainy hills a jewel lay  
And this dark land was precious for its sake,  
A rosy-coloured jewel, fit to make  
An emperor's signet-ring, to save or slay  
Whole peoples, such as some great King might take  
To clasp his mantle on a festal day:  
And yet a jewel only made to shine,  
And icy cold although 'tis rosy clear—  
Why did I linger? I myself condemn,  
For ah! 'tis far too costly to be mine,  
And nature never dropt a human tear  
In those chill dews whereof she froze the gem.

*Note.*—Tennyson in his youth had a great longing to go and live in some Mediterranean country, as his eldest brother, Frederick, did soon after leaving Cambridge. The sonnet is rather obscure, but I think the "Jewel" was human and feminine.

## SONNET

WHEN that rank heat of evil's tropic day  
    Made floating cloud of flowing joy, and cleft  
My shores of life (their freshness steamed away,  
    Nothing but salt and bitter crystals left),  
When in my lonely walks I seemed to be  
    An image of the cursed figtree, set  
In the brown glens of this Mount Olivet,  
Thy looks, thy words, were sun and rain to me.  
When all sin-sickened, loathing my disgrace,  
    Far on within the temple of the mind  
        I seemed to hear God speaking audibly,  
"Let us go hence"—sometimes a little space,  
    Out of the sphere of God, I dared to find  
        A shadow and a resting place in thee.

*Note*—This sonnet expresses a characteristic mood of depression and self-depreciation. Possibly the friend to whom it was addressed was Arthur Hallam.



## SONNET

C O N R A D ! why call thy life monotonous?  
Why brood above thine anchor? the wov'n weed  
Calms not, but blackens, the slope water bed.  
The shores of Life are fair and various,  
But thou dost ever by one beach abide.  
Why hast thou drawn thine oars across the boat?  
Thou canst not without impulse downward float,  
The wave of life hath no propelling tide.  
We live but by *resistance*, and the best  
Of Life is but the struggle of the will:  
Thine unresisting boat shall pause—not still  
But beaten on both sides by swaying Unrest.  
Oh! cleave this calm to living eddies, breast  
This sloth-sprung weed with progress sensible.

## MILTON'S MULBERRY

Look what love the puddle-pated squarecaps have  
for me!

I am Milton's mulberry, Milton's Milton's mulberry—  
But they whip't and rusticated him who planted me,  
Milton's Milton's mulberry, Milton's Milton's mul-  
berry.

Old and hollow, somewhat crooked in the shoulders as  
you see,

Full of summer foliage yet but propt and padded  
curiously,

I would sooner have been planted by the hand that  
planted me,

Than have grown in Paradise and dropped my fruit on  
Adam's knee—

Look what love the tiny-witted Trenchers have for me.

*Note.*—This poem, which is clearly of the Cambridge period, refers, of course, to the mulberry tree at Christ's College, reported to have been planted by the poet.



*PART III*

1830—1842



## THE RUINED KILN

### I

A MILLION gossamers in field and fold  
Were twinkling into green and gold,  
Then basked the filmy stubbles warm and bare,  
While thousands in a silent air  
Of dappled cloudlets roofed the day,  
And sparrows in a jangling throng  
Chirped all in one—a storm of song—  
As by the ruined kiln I lay.

### II

All else like me, one peaceful presence kept,  
On his bound sheaf October slept,  
Thro' crumbling bricks the woolly thistle grew;  
Yet in the round kiln slept the dew  
And, over harrowed glebe, was seen  
Hard by one waning elm, the farm,  
In tempered sunshine white and warm,  
Where Lucy lived the village-queen.

*Note.*—These lines occur in a small pocket-book, which is dated in Hallam Tennyson's handwriting 1831-33, and I have found a slightly different version written by Tennyson in ink in a proof copy of the volume of 1832.

## FRAGMENT

O V E R the dark world flies the wind  
And clatters in the sapless trees,  
From cloud to cloud through darkness blind  
Quick stars scud o'er the sounding seas:  
I look: the showery skirts unbind:  
Mars by the lonely Pleiades  
Burns overhead: with brows declined  
I muse: I wander from my peace,  
And still divide the rapid mind  
This way and that in search of ease.

*Note.*—This is from the same little pocket-book as the preceding lines. It is characteristic of Tennyson's nature poetry during the early "In Memoriam" period. MS. evidence suggests that many sections of that poem were founded on brief mood pictures like this, written in various metres.

## BRITAIN

HAIL, Britain! In whatever zone  
    Binds the broad earth beneath the blue,  
    In ancient seasons or the new  
No manlier front than thine is shewn.

Not for the wide sail-wandered tides  
    That ever round thee come and go,  
    The many ships of war that blow  
The battle from their iron sides :

Not for a power that knows not check  
    To spread and float an ermined pall  
    Of Empire, from the ruin'd wall  
Of royal Delhi to Quebec:

But that in righteousness thy power  
    Doth stand, thine Empire on thy word—  
    In thee no traitor voice is heard  
Whatever danger threatens the hour!

God keep thee strong as thou art free,  
    Free in the freedom of His law,  
    And brave all wrong to overawe,  
Strong in the strength of unity.

*Note.*—The first version of these lines occurs as the beginning of a long unpublished poem in a notebook which also contains some stanzas of "The Two Voices"—finished in 1833. The copy from



which the stanzas are printed is in the handwriting of Emily Lady Tennyson, and evidently of a much later date. It is interesting to note that some other stanzas of the long poem were used, with slight adaptations, in "In Memoriam" (published 1850), the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" (1852) and "Lines to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava" (1889), forming in each case some of the most effective lines in the poem concerned.

(WHAT THOR SAID TO THE BARD BEFORE DINNER)

W H E R E V E R evil customs thicken  
Break thro' with the hammer of iron rhyme,  
Till priest-craft and king-craft sicken,  
But pap-meat-pamper not the time  
With the flock of the thunder-stricken.  
If the world caterwaul, lay harder upon her  
Till she clapperclaw no longer,  
Bang thy stithy stronger and stronger,  
Thy rhyme-hammer *shall* have honour.

Be not fairspoken neither stammer,  
Nail her, knuckle her, thou swinge-buckler!  
Spare not: ribroast gaffer and gammer,  
Be no shuffler, wear no muffler,  
But on thine anvil hammer and hammer!  
If she call out lay harder upon her,  
This way and that nail  
Tag rag and bobtail,  
Thy rhyme-hammer *shall* have honour.

On squire and parson, broker and banker,  
Down let fall thine iron spanker,  
Spare not king or duke or critic,  
Dealing out cross-buttock and flanker  
With thy clanging analytic!  
If she call out lay harder upon her,

Stun her, stagger her,  
Care not for swaggerer,  
Thy rhyme-hammer *shall* have honour.

*Note.*—The first stanza is quoted by Hallam Tennyson in the Memoir (Vol. I, p 97) under date 1832.

## SONNET

H o w thought you that this thing could captivate?  
What are those graces that could make her dear,  
Who is not worth the notice of a sneer  
To rouse the vapid devil of her hate?  
A speech conventional, so void of weight  
That after it has buzzed about one's ear,  
'Twere rich refreshment for a week to hear  
The dentist babble or the barber prate;  
A hand displayed with many a little art;  
An eye that glances on her neighbour's dress;  
A foot too often shewn for my regard;  
An angel's form—a waiting-woman's heart;  
A perfect-featured face, expressionless,  
Insipid, as the Queen upon a card.

*Note* —This sonnet is written on an old sheet of notepaper which contains also an early version of the "Bridesmaid" sonnet. This was written in 1836, so that the sonnet here printed evidently belongs to that date. The last line was used by the poet in "Aylmer's Field" (published 1864).

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

L I S T E N! bells in yonder town,  
    Lin, lan, lone,  
Over dale and over down,  
    Lin, lan, lone,  
Now the year is almost gone,  
    Lin, lan, lone,  
Dying, dying, almost gone,  
    Lin, lan, lone,  
Almost, almost, almost gone.

Listen how the bells begin,  
    With a lin, lan, lin,  
For the old year out and the new year in,  
    With a lin-lan-lan and a lan-lan-lin,  
And the old year out and the new year in,  
    With a clash and a lin-lan-lin.

Put out the lights and let us go to bed,  
The baby year is born, his father's dead,  
And, settling back after that storm of sound,  
From all the starry circle overhead  
Hard silence drops upon the stony ground.

*Note.*—Cf. "The Mellow lin-lan-lone of Evening Bells" in  
"Far-Far-Away"—published 1889.

## AN IDLE RHYME

O H, what care I how many a fluke  
Sticks in the liver of the time?  
I cannot prate against the Duke,  
I love to have an idle rhyme.

The muse would stumble from the tune,  
If I should ask her "Plump my purse,  
Be for some popular forenoon  
The leading article in verse."

So gross a murmur in her ear  
Would make her dull as Davy's sow,  
And with a sudden mildew sear  
The rathe fruitiblossom on her brow.

For, though she has her hopes and fears,  
She dwells not on a single page,  
But thrids the annals of the years,  
And runs her eye from age to age.

What's near is large to modern eyes,  
But disproportions fade away  
Lower'd in the sleepy pits where lies  
The dropsied Epos of the day—

The day that rose like ours sublime  
In dreaming dreams and planning plans,  
That thought herself the crown of time  
And took her many geese for swans.

Oh, so, when modern things are thrust  
By death below the coffin lid,  
Our liberal sons will spurn our dust  
And wonder what it was we did—

However, you have spoken well,  
But, now the summer sun descends,  
Unbroach that flask of cool Moselle  
\* And let us drink to all our friends.

But if you prate of "In" and "Out,"  
And Dan and Joe, whoe'er they be,  
Then "οἱη φυλλων will I spout  
οἱη περ φυλλων γενεη."

As stretched beside the river clear  
That's round this glassy foreland curled,  
I cool my face in flowers, and hear  
The deep pulsations of the world.

*Note.*—Style and mood suggest that this poem was written at  
about the same date as "The Talking Oak" and "Will Waterproof,"  
both of which were published in 1842. The "Duke" is no doubt  
Wellington. By "Dan" and "Joe" are meant O'Connell and Hume.  
Cf. Sonnet on page 61.

The "Fluke" appears to be a parasitic worm that attacks the  
livers of sheep and other animals.

## APPENDIX

CL. CLAUDIANI

### DE RAPTU PROSERPINAE

(Book I. lines 1-93)

I N F E R N I raptoris equos, afflataque curru  
Sidera Taenario, caligantesque profundae  
Iunonis thalamos, audaci prodere cantu  
Mens congesta jubet. Gressus removete, profani.  
Iam furor humanos nostro de pectore sensus  
Expulit, et totum spirant praecordia Phoebum.  
Iam mihi cernuntur trepidis delubra moveri  
Sedibus, et claram dispergere culmina lucem,  
Adventum testata Dei. Iam magnus ab imis  
Auditur fremitus terris, templumque remugit  
Cecropium, sanctasque faces attollit Eleusin.  
Angues Triptolemi stridunt, et squamea curvis  
Colla levant attrita jugis, lapsuque sereno  
Erecti roseas tendunt ad carmina cristas.  
Ecce procul ternas Hecate variata figuras  
Exoritur, lenisque simul procedit Iacchus  
Crinali florens hedera, quem Parthica velat  
Tigris, et auratos in nodum colligit ungues.  
Ebria Maeonius firmat vestigia thyrsus.

Di quibus in numerum vacui famulantur Avernii  
Vulgus iners, opibus quorum donatur avaris  
Quicquid in orbe perit, quos Styx liventibus ambit



Interfusa vadis, et quos fumantia torquens  
Aequora vorticibus Phlegethon perlustrat anhelis;  
Vos mihi sacrarum penetralia pandite rerum,  
Et vestri secreta poli: qua lampade Ditem  
Flexit Amor, quo ducta ferox Proserpina raptu  
Possedit dotale Chaos, quantasque per oras  
Sollicito genetrix erraverit anxia cursu:  
Unde datae populis leges, et glande relictæ  
Cesserit inventis Dodonia quercus aristis.

Dux Erebi quondam tumidas exarsit in iras  
Proelia moturus Superis, quod solus egeret  
Connubii, sterilesque diu consumeret annos,  
Impatiens nescire torum, nullasque mariti  
Illecebras, nec dulce patris cognoscere nomen.  
Iam quaecunque latent ferali monstra barathro  
In turmas aciemque ruunt, contraque Tonantem  
Conjurant Furiae: crinitaque sontibus hydrys .  
Tisiphone, quatiens infausto lumine pinum,  
Armatus ad castra vocat pallentia Manes.  
Paene reluctatis iterum pignantia rebus  
Rupissent elementa fidem, penitusque revulso  
Carcere, laxatis pubes Titania vinclis  
Vidisset caeleste jubar, rursusque cruentus  
Aegaeon positus arcto de corpore nodis  
Obvia centeno vexasset fulmina motu.  
Sed Parcae vetuere minas, orbique timentes  
Ante pedes soliumque ducis fudere severam  
Canitiem, genibusque suas cum supplice vultu  
Admovere manus, quarum sub jure tenentur  
Omnia, quae seriem factorum pollice ducunt,  
Longaque ferratis evolvunt secula pensis.

Prima fero Lachesis clamabat talia regi,

Incultas dispersa comas: O maxime noctis  
Arbiter, umbrarumque potens, cui nostra laborant  
Stamina, qui finem cunctis et semina praebes,  
Nascendique vices alterna morte rependis:  
Qui vitam letumque regis: (nam quicquid ubique  
Gignit materies, hoc te donante creatur,  
Debeturque tibi, certisque ambagibus aevi  
Rursus corporeos animae mittuntur in ortus:)  
Ne pete firmatas pacis dissolvere leges,  
Quas dedimus, nevitque colus: neu foedera fratrum  
Civili converte tuba. Cur impia tollis  
Signa? quid incestis aperis Titanibus auras?  
Posce Iovem, dabitur conjux. Vix illa: pepercit,  
Erubuitque preces, animisque relanguit atrox,  
Quamvis indocilis flecti. Ceu turbine rauco  
Cum gravis armatur Boreas, glacieque nivali  
Hispidus, et Getica concretus grandine pennas  
Bella cupit, pelagus, silvas, camposque sonoro  
Flamine rapturus: si forte adversus aenos  
Aeolus objecit postes, vanescit inanis  
Impetus, et fractae redeunt in claustra procellae.

Tum Maia genitum, qui fervida dicta reportet,  
Imperat acciri. Cyllenius adstitit ales,  
Somniferam quatiens virgam, tectusque galero.  
Ipse rudi fultus solio, nigraque verendus  
Majestate sedet: squalent immania foedo  
Sceptra situ: sublime caput maestissima nubes  
Asperat, et dirae riget inclementia formae.  
Terrorem dolor augebat. Tunc talia celso  
Ore tonat: (tremefacta silent dicente tyranno  
Atria: latratum triplicem compescuit ingens  
Ianitor, et presso lacrymarum fonte resedit

Cocytos, tacitisque Acheron obmutuit undis,  
Et Phlegethonteae requierunt murmura ripae:)

Atlantis Tegaeae nepos, commune profundis  
Et superis numen, qui fas per numen utrumque  
Solut habes, geminoque facis commercia mundo,  
I celeres proscinde Notos, et jussa superbo  
Redde Iovi. Tantumne tibi, saevissime fratrum,  
In me juris erit?

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